

their cages hissing like dynamite about to blow.
"Aren't they cute," says Blue.
"I gotta get my tooth fixed," Red declares. "It's
painin' me."

Now the Anatomy Professor reconstructs the faceless heads
of the corpses from Gorky Park.

"Ugh, that's disgusting," snaps Blue.
"That doctor was a dwarf in the book," Red declares.
"Why didn't they get a dwarf?" Blue wants to know.
"That guy's pretty short," Red allows.
"He's not a dwarf," Blue says. "My sister's son-in-law's
a dwarf.
He's out of work, too. They could of got him."

On to Angel, a 14-year-old orphan who goes to private
school by day, and pays by turning tricks on Sunset Strip.
"Why'd they want to make a movie about this?" Blue demands.
"It's awful," Red agrees.
Their chewing accelerates.

Now Angel's meeting friends: hookers, a crazy cowboy, a
lesbian, a drag queen.
"Is a morphadite the same as a transvestual," asks Blue.
"A pervert is a pervert," pronounces Red.

The camera lingers on pogo-ing Hari Krishnas.
"I wonder about that guy," says Red.
"What guy?" asks Blue.
"That Harry Krishner."

The crazed slasher knifes a hooker,
decks her out like a bride, and spreadeagles her on a
motel bed.
He bends to kiss her.
"Ugh, that's sick," says Blue.
"Nothing shocks me any more," says Red.

NOTHING EVER GETS EATEN ON WILD KINGDOM

The "feisty" bobcat which has chased the goose mom
and her fluffy brood into the reeds and now approaches
like a Nazi out to bayonet a baby, gets "distracted"

by another predator, a coyote, whose sense of smell
can be applauded, but whose wish to wolf down someone
else's flesh is not so nice. The coyote craves

a muskrat he's trapped in a tule pond. He trots in,
sniffing like a pup. Muskrat attacks with squeals

and hisses, like some brave little democracy driving back the Russian bear. Even so, the coyote's ready to rip out that valiant windpipe, when he too is distracted by the baddest mama on the marsh,

Old Miz Mountain Lion. He retreats, a kicked cur scampering away just as Miz Lion spots a beaver, and pounces like a tabby on a bug.

Again the rodent turns, an animated rug snarling, tail-slapping, roaring like a Tasmanian Devil till Miz Lion, "discouraged," slinks away —

and meets a skunk. "Oh no," we laugh, proud of our woodsy lore. Lady Skunk squirts a warning across Miz Lion's bow — then two more

squirts, to wound, not kill. Kitty keeps coming. No jury in the country could claim excessive force now as Lady Skunk looses a broadside. Miz Lion

rolls, screaming, paws clawing her eyes, muzzle tunneling through meadow grass like Horatio. Hound, snout full of cartoon cactus spines.

We grin at Nature's comedy, intent as ospreys on the flashing tube, while through our windows, gray whales breach off Long Beach Harbor,

chased by humans screeching, "Thar she blows," and Great White Sharks prowl each year closer to shore, feasting on sea lions and surfers,

and our city streets and alleys, Ferraris and flophouses run red, and every minute someone's raped or shot dead, and every ten

poor Marlon Perkins, just back from cancer surgery, introduces Mutual of Omaha, and smiling warmly, drives the hearse up to our double-bolted doors.

WHAT MISERY LOVES

A: So how've you been?

B: Incredible. I've had seven good days.

A: Seven good days. I haven't had seven good days in seven months.

B: Well, they weren't exactly good. More like passable.